

BALLYHOO

NOVEMBER

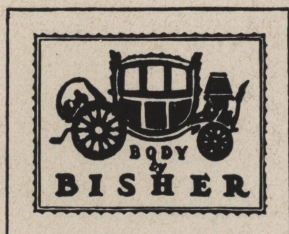
1931

15 CENTS



"Sloppy Joe's, Henri"

FLOHERTY
UR



PRODUCT OF GENERAL DISORDER

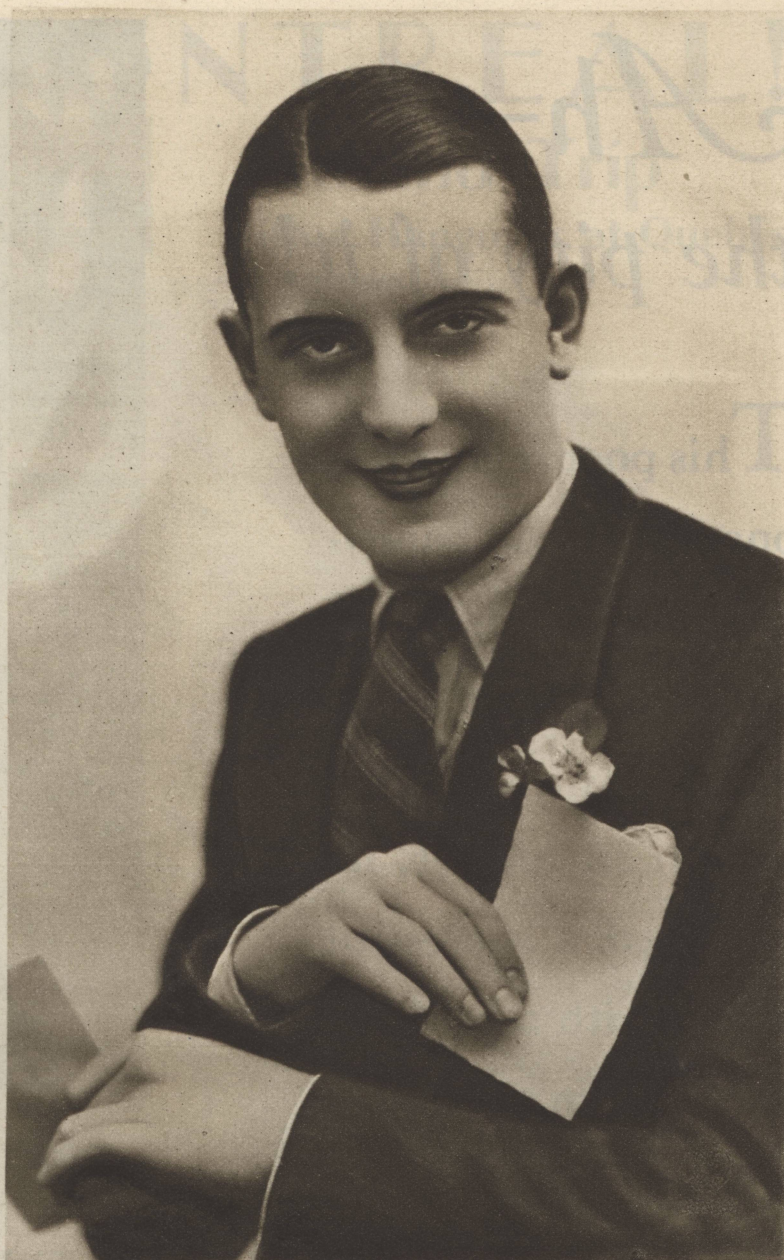
Bodies by Bisher are everywhere recognized for their outstanding chassis, their underslung frames, and overstuffed upholstery, which make for riding comfort and elegance. So pronounced are these qualities that the public is cognizant of their value. Look at the medals! + + +

FIFTH AVENUE BUS :- 42nd STREET CROSSTOWN CAR
MINSKY'S BURLESQUE

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**“WHOOOPS!
I’m Just Curazy about
FAERY SOAP!”**

—Oscar Zilch



**HAVE YOU A LITTLE FAERY
IN YOUR HOUSE?**

Oscar Zilch, the well-known tenor, is only one of hundreds of Stage and Screen Stars who recommend Faery Soap.

**Tune in on the Faery Soap Hour and hear our Theme Song, “Homo Sweet Homo.”*

*Ah—
the pity of it!*

This poor fellow was once a carefree, happy-go-lucky young man! Admired by all, the most popular bon-vivant in his set, he climaxed a successful career with a brilliant society marriage.



THEN CAME THE DENOUEMENT!

And he didn't carry

ALIMONY INSURANCE

Guard against such tragedies. Send for our Illustrated Booklet "How to Keep the Cat From the Door."

**THE ALIMONY
FREEDOM**



**INSURANCE CO.
NEW HAMPSHIRE**

BRIGHT SAYINGS OF GROWN-UPS

Ballyhoo will not pay \$5 a piece for Bright Sayings of Grown-ups because our Bright Sayings of Grown-ups editor writes them all.

A SHARP RETORT!

Clyde, aged forty-two, came home one night full of dollar gin and found his wife waiting up for him. After his wife had given him a piece of her mind, Clyde stood and thought a minute, then he said, "Oh, yeah?"
—Johnny Geraty, Cleveland, Ohio.

WHAT A MAN!

Elmer Zilch, aged forty-five, was sitting around the house one day when his mother told him she thought he ought to go out and get a job. She also informed him that he was a lowlife, a big bum and a lazy good-for-nothing slob. Elmer said nothing for a while then he quickly retorted, "Sez you!"
—Bobbie Zilch, Yonkers, N. Y.

A HEARTY LAUGH

At a big party one night, Normie Kappler, aged forty-nine, came up behind the hostess, and slapping her on her bare back, cried, "Glad to see your back!" How they roared!
—Si Siebern, Cincinnati, Ohio.

THE JOKE WAS ON HIM!

Frank Frankini, proprietor of a speakeasy, was standing at the bar one day when four customers came in and bought a drink. As they were about to order another one, Frank cried, "This one is on the house!"
—Phil Rosa, Greenwich Village.

A SHARP ANSWER

Oscar Glutz, aged fifty, was sitting listening to the radio one night. After about an hour of gab and advertising talk, Oscar suddenly rose from his chair, kicked a hole in the radio and hollered, "Aw nuts!"
—Harry Brunn, Crescent Beach, Ont.

THE WOMAN OF IT

Little Freddy Fiddleplotz came home one night the worse for wear. As he was undressing for bed he said to his wife Cora, "I feel terrible!" Quick as a flash she replied, "Oh, it's probably something you et."
—Alfred Miller, Buffalo, N. Y.

MONTREAL!

\$10

Round Trip
with a Hangover at Quebec



HAPPY VACATION DAZE!
spend them in Canada!

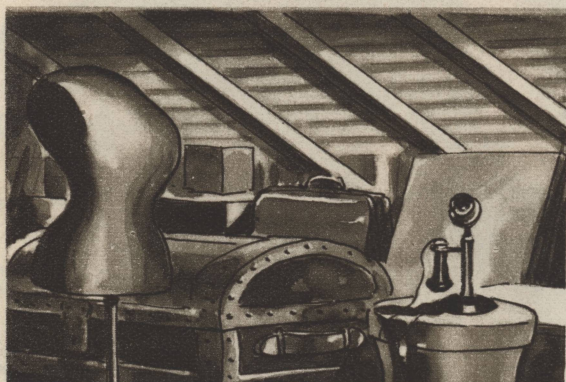
MONTREAL UNLIMITED
NEW YORK CENTRAL RAILROAD

"NOT TONIGHT, ELMER

I MUST FINISH MY CROCHETING!"

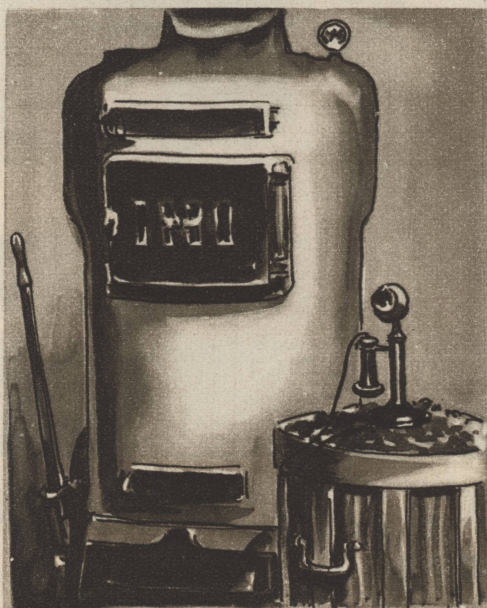
TELEPHONES CONVENIENTLY PLACED KEEP HOUSEHOLDS EFFICIENT

Few households have enough telephones, that is, enough to suit us! Telephones conveniently located save steps and time, save running up and down stairs.

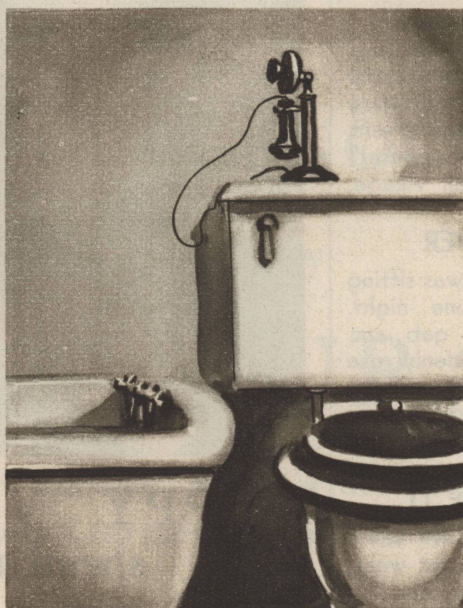


When browsing around in the attic, how inconvenient it is to have to run downstairs to answer the phone!

Doesn't it vex you, when you have to drop your crocheting to answer the phone? Why you know it does!



In the cellar, when stoking coal, or dumping ashes, a phone comes in handy when you want to swear at somebody.



The telephone always rings when one is in the bawth! Life is like that. Have a phone installed in the bathroom and save many embarrassing steps.



Just suppose you were stuck up in a tree? Think how convenient it would be to have a phone handy! Instal phones in all your trees now and avoid this embarrassment.



VOX BOP

He Likes Our Magazine

Cleveland, Ohio.—I think your magazine is just the cleverest thing out and all my friends think so too. I am enclosing a few poems which I hope you can use.—K. G. Guy.

He Likes Us

New York.—I don't think your Ballyhoo is so hot. Why don't you run editorials, book, movie, theatre, radio reviews, Washington letters, sport and fashion pages and profiles the way the other funny magazines do? Give your readers a chance to laugh!—Curious.

Letter No. 18,696

New York.—Say, do you get paid for those ads?—I. Wonder.

He Likes Us

Yonkers.—What's the idea of knocking the radio? Don't you know that the radio is the greatest invention of the age? You must be crazy to criticize a machine that gives us such wonderful entertainment free! —S. MacTavish.

He Likes Our Magazine

New York, N. Y.—Yure magazine is purty good but why dont you run reel artistic like covers that have some sense to em like Sandy and Lil?—B. MacFadden.

She Likes Us

Oswego, N. Y.—You are fine ones you are knocking prohibition! Prohibition is a wonderful thing. Before prohibition my husband used to come home drunk every night. Now he doesn't come home at all.—Etta Apple.

Have
you a

L
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U

* S
backline?

This photograph shows the Lordhelpus backline, before corrected by a Pincher.



HAVE you a tendency to that common figure fault—a large fanny?

If so, the cause of it is Lordhelpus*, a big satchel just below the waistline.

Pincher designers have made a special study of Lordhelpus, and have decided they can't do a thing about it, but what the hell, we've got to sell corsets some way!

WHICH FIGURE FAULT IS YOUR'N?

PINCHER CORSETS

Smile away the Depression!



Smile us into Prosperity!
wear a
SMILETTE!

This wonderful little gadget will
solve the problems of the Nation!

APPLY NOW AT YOUR CHAMBER OF COMMERCE
OR THE REPUBLICAN NATIONAL COMMITTEE
WARNING—Do not risk Federal arrest by looking glum!

BALLYHOO

Published by George T. Delacorte, Jr.

Edited by Norman Anthony

"YOU CAN FOOL SOME OF THE PEOPLE SOME OF THE TIME—"



"Dinner's ready—what'll we do with it?"



WEATHER
CLOUDY

TABLOID HISTORY

★ ★ ★
FINAL

Vol. I., No. 1.

NEW YORK, APRIL 1ST, 1492

2 Cents.

COLUMBUS HOPS OFF!



CHRIS OFF!—The pride of Spain kissed Queen Isabella good bye (left) and started off on a non-stop flight from which he may never return. (Right) The Crown Jewels which Isabella hocked to make her lover's trip possible.

King Ferdinand has entered suit for divorce, naming Chris.



April 1, 1492

TABLOID HISTORY

April 1, 1492

COLUMBUS DISCOVERS AMERICA!

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS FIRST MAN TO SPAN THE ATLANTIC!

New York, April 1.—Chris Columbus, the Italian Eagle, landed here at 8.30 A. M. today after a nine weeks' non-stop flight from the Coast of Portugal.

Thousands rushed into the water to greet the Intrepid Conqueror of the Atlantic, and he had difficulty in landing the Santa Maria, which he naively refers to as "We."

When questioned by reporters and asked if he left Spain on account of King Ferdinand, Chris just laughed. After being greeted by Chief Grover Whalen, Chris and his party started uptown amid the din of horns and sirens.



Chris in his suite at the Ritz-Carlton Hotel

(Above) On the City Hall Steps where the Conqueror of the Sea was officially welcomed by Chief Muddy Walkers and presented with the keys to the city. Chief Walkers caused a laugh when he asked Columbus if he had finessed the Queen.



The Italian Eagle's Triumphant March up Broadway

TABLOID HISTORY

COLUMBUS FETED

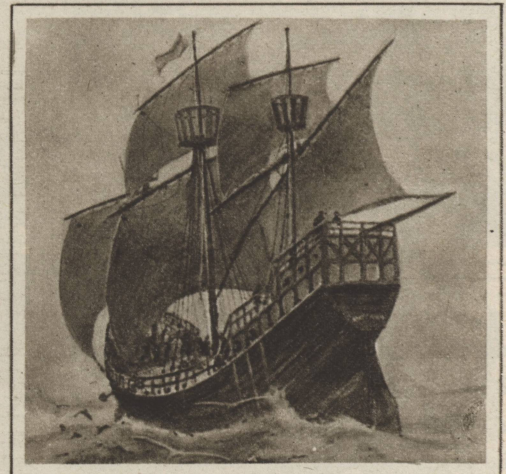


THE HERO OF THE HOUR!—The Italian Eagle at a banquet given in his honor by the Sportiva Club at the Astor. Chris made a short speech in which he said he liked our American women and our tall buildings.



Finishing up a week of banquets and unveiling of statues, Nicholas Murray Butler presents Columbus with the Third Degree. Chris looked very tired.

★ ★ **EXTRA!** ★ ★
CHRIS SCRAMS!



NEW YORK, APRIL 10.—Without warning, Chris Columbus, the Italian Eagle, suddenly left for Spain today. All he would say to reporters, as he left, was, "To hell wid dees country!"



"Get a load of this!"



"Mother, dear mother, come home with me now!"



"Ya'll have to think up another slogan. The world ain't so big!"



"I think I'll take one of those Bronx Cheers."

STARTLING RESULTS OF CROSSING A "PUNCH" AND "NEW YORKER" JOKE.

Lady Zilchington (who has just returned from a fortnight at Wappington Downs)—"Oh, you bon vivants!"



DONALD McKee



"Remember! This is an unbreakable doll!"

Paul Rehn



"What, no gin?"

OW ANDERSON



"Hey, stop the unveiling! I forgot something!"

A SHIRT SHIRT*STORY

*Arrow.

Editor's Note—In a recent issue of *Ballyhoo*, we happened to mention the name of a nationally advertised product, and were we surprised, and delighted to receive a few days later, a letter of thanks from the manufacturer and a present of said product! It is therefore with great pleasure and expectancy that we dedicate this story to the advertisers of America!

MENNEN women Oliver town had a keen **Admiration** for **Ethyl**. She was the **Best** popular **Bell** in **Johns Manville**. She had beautiful **Simoniz**, **Auburn** hair, a **Wrigley Fisher Body**, and a rich **Coty** tan.

57 different varieties of **Boyce** sought her hand but as **Lux** would have it **Ethyl** was **Aspirin** for **Big Ben Stetson** a poor but honest **Life Saver**, who lived in a **Borden** house. **Big Ben** thought **Ethyl** was the **Beechnuts** but **Eno's** her old man was a **Pluto**crat with plenty of **Gold Dust** and he treated her with a **Frigidaire**. This only made it all the more **Absorbine** for **Ethyl** so she gave a party and invited **Big Ben**.

"**De Sota** get him!" she said to herself.

Ethyl's old man wanted her to marry **Lord Dunhill** because he had **Royal Baking Powder** in his blood but she thought he was just a **B.V.D.** fool, and told him to **Kodak** a run and jump for himself.

On **Zonite** of the party **Lord Dun-**

hill got **Studebaker** on **Canada Dry** and became very **Armourous** with **Ethyl**. **Big Ben** got **Crosley** over this and said "A **Cadillac** like that!"

Lord Dunhill **Nashed** his teeth. "What do **Uno** about cads, you cheap low **Life saver**! I'll have **Uno** I'm a **Marshall Field**, I mean a field marshall!"

"You're **Chesterfield** mouse!" said **Big Ben**, "and **Uneeda** good licking! One more pass like that and I'll **Tecla** good **Interwoven** sock at your jaw!"

"**Virginia Dare** ya'!" snarled **Dunhill** putting a **Chipso** on his shoulder. **Ethyl's** father stepped between them.

"**Musterole** man butt in?" thought **Big Ben**.

"**Boyce**," he exclaimed, "this is the **Linit**! **Isotta** you two were gentlemen!"

Dunhill and **Big Ben** apologized, then the latter exclaimed, "**Ivory**! idea! Let us **Gambel Forhan** opportunity to marry your daughter!"

"You're **Ronson**!" said **Ethyl's** father, "and I'll choose the weapons!"

The hills around this house are **Fuller** echoes. The man who can awake the loudest ech **Kotex** the girl!"

There was a **Sani-flush** on **Ethyl's** face as she heard these words. She knew that **Lord Dunhill** had the loudest mouth in **Johns Manville**! With **Swift** steps she ran upstairs and filled an atomizer with **Flit**. When she came down **Big Ben** was yelling out the window but the echo came back faintly.

Lord Dunhill smiled triumphantly and stepped forward. "This is a pipe!" he exclaimed.

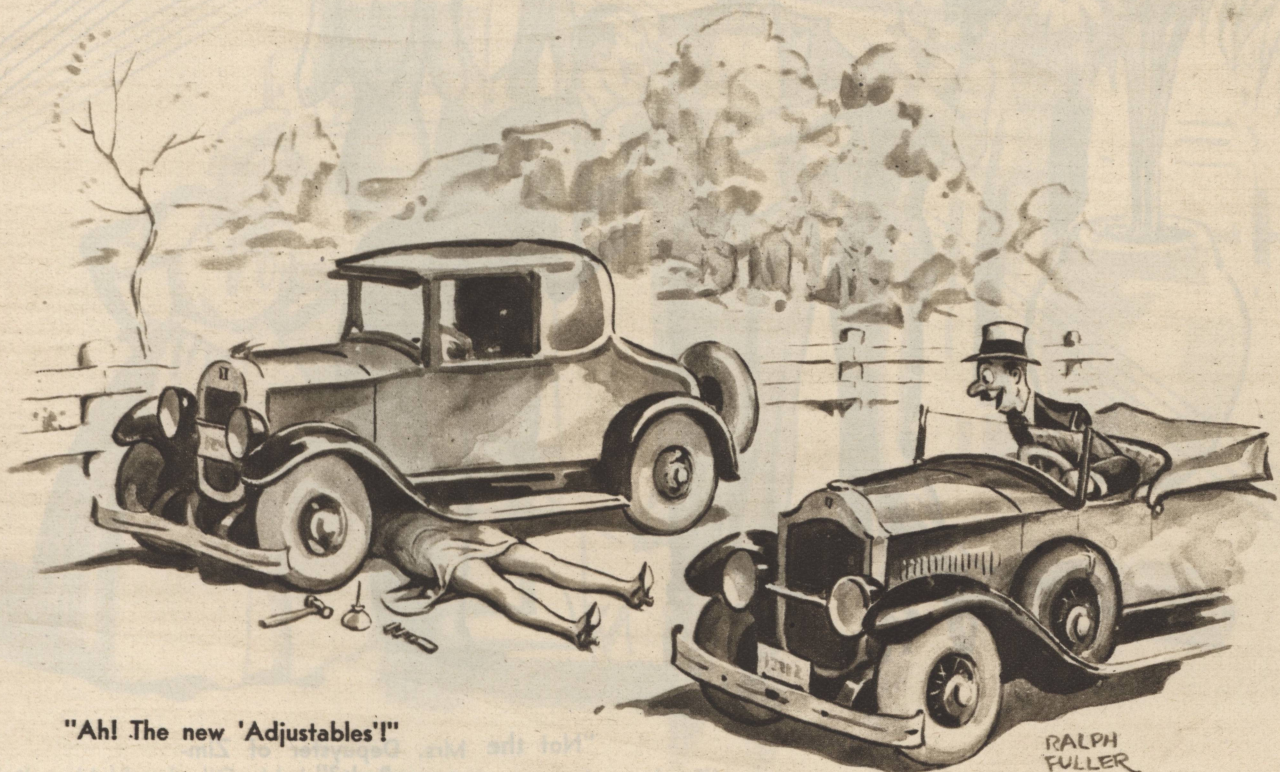
"**O'cedar Spray**!" said **Ethyl**, holding up the atomizer, then just as **Dunhill** opened his mouth to yell, she squirted it right in his face.

"**Chrysler**!" he gasped.

While he was choking, **Ethyl** hid the atomizer in her bosom. "Go on and yell!" she cried.

Dunhill opened his mouth but nothing came forth but a whisper.

Ethyl rushed into **Big Ben's** arms. "Oh, how I **Neet** you! **Djer Kiss** me! I'm **Murine**!"



"Ah! The new 'Adjustables'!"

RALPH FULLER



"Not the Mrs. Depuyster of Zimmons Beds?"



"That's our new contact man."



FLOHERTY JR

"Should he ask her in?"



Mother Hubbard—"Could I interest you in some ice cubes?"

AT LAST— STATION

Good evening, ladies and gentlemen of the radio audience! This is Station HOOY, broadcasting on a National Junk Heap of 630 kilocycles, by permission of the Federal Radio Commission. Basil Piddlepoop, your announcer. When you hear the gong, it will be exactly one hundredth of a second past eight o'clock, Eastern Standard Time. Ready? Plink! This time, ladies and gentlemen of the radio audience, is given through the courtesy of the Hellova Watch Company, makers of fine watches. The next voice you will hear will be that of Warburton Whiffsnitz.



Good evening, ladies and gentlemen of the radio audience! Warburton Whiffsnitz speaking. At this hour we bring to you the Casey Coffin Hour. Casey—C-A-S-E-Y—Casey Coffins are fine coffins! They are made in a sunkist factory and are guaranteed for life! Visit one of our conveniently located Casey Funeral Parlors and inspect our large selection. You will not be

asked to buy. But remember the name Casey—C-A-S-E-Y—Casey when buying a coffin! You will now hear those funny funny fellows, Joy and Glee, sing the familiar Casey Coffin Theme Song! All right boys!



Casey Coffins they are fine
Made of satin, brass and pine!
And when grief comes to your door
Phone Columbus 604!
When your loved ones pass away
Let them pass the Casey way!
Casey buyers always sing
O Death where is thy sting!

"Ha! Ha! Ha! Well, Eddie, how do you feel tonight?"

"I feel like a cow, Ernie."

"And how's that, Eddie?"

"Bully!"

"Ha! Ha! Ha! That's a good one Eddie! Say, Eddie, why does a chicken cross the street?"

"Oh, that's easy, Ernie! Because she wants to go to the Casey Funeral Parlor on the other side!"

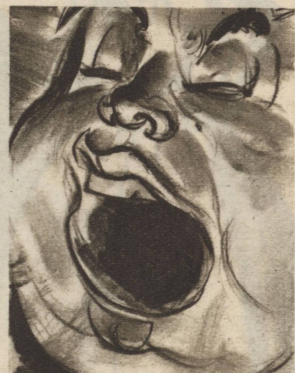
"Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!"

Casey Coffins they are fine
Made of satin, brass and pine.

Station HOOY! New York! Basil Piddlepoop, your announcer. When you hear the gong, ladies and gentlemen of the radio audience, it will be exactly one hundredth of a second past eight twenty o'clock, Eastern Standard Time. Ready? Plink! This time, ladies and gentlemen, is given through the courtesy of the Hellova Watch Company, makers of fine watches.

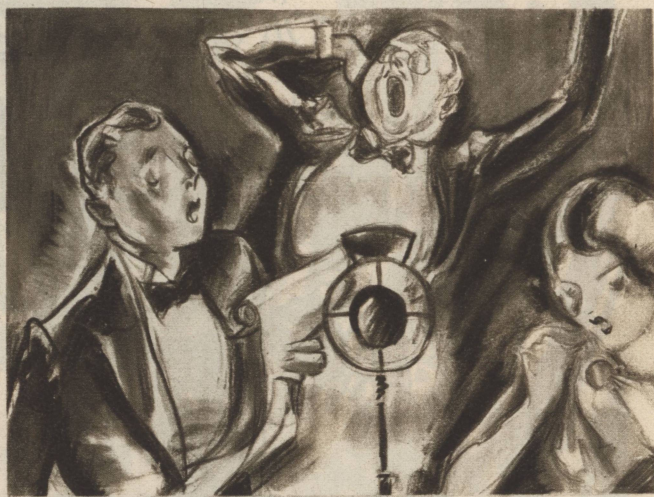
We now take you to Will Croakland's Night Club.

Hello! Hello! Hello, everybody! This is Will Croakland, folks. Folks, I only wish you could be here in this great big beautiful night club and see the crowd! The place is just packed, folks! Celebrities all over this great big beautiful place! There's Mayor Walker over there, and Primo Carnera, and Texas Guinan, and Gloria Swanson, and Commissioner Mulrooney, and—folks, it's a shame you can't be with us in this great big beautiful night club. Beautiful women! Beautiful music! A Beautiful dance floor and what a show! Fifty (count 'em) beautiful girls! I wish you could see this jolly crowd, folks! What a mob! Come down some night! Remember, there's no cover charge at

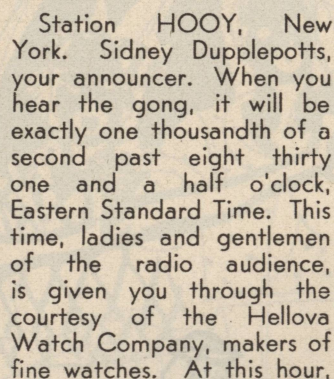


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"Yes this is Police Headquarters!"
 "Migawd! What was that!"
 "Crash bank! Crash bang! H—e—l—p! Murde—r!
 Po—leece!"
 "Where were you on the night of the 23rd?"
 "Look! Quick! Be—hind you! Migawd! Awk!
 H—e—l—p!"
 "Drop that gun you cur!"
 "He—l—p! Mur—der! Po—leece! Awk!"
 "Heh! Heh! Heh! Heh!"



Station HOOY, New York. Cecil Broadbottom, your announcer. When you hear the gong, it will be exactly three and three thousandths of a second past nine o'clock, Eastern Standard Time. Ready? Plink! This time, ladies and gentlemen, is brought to you through the courtesy of the Hellova Watch Company. The next voice you will hear will be that of William Flannemouth of the Gazette who will give a brief resume of the political situation. Mr. Flannemouth!



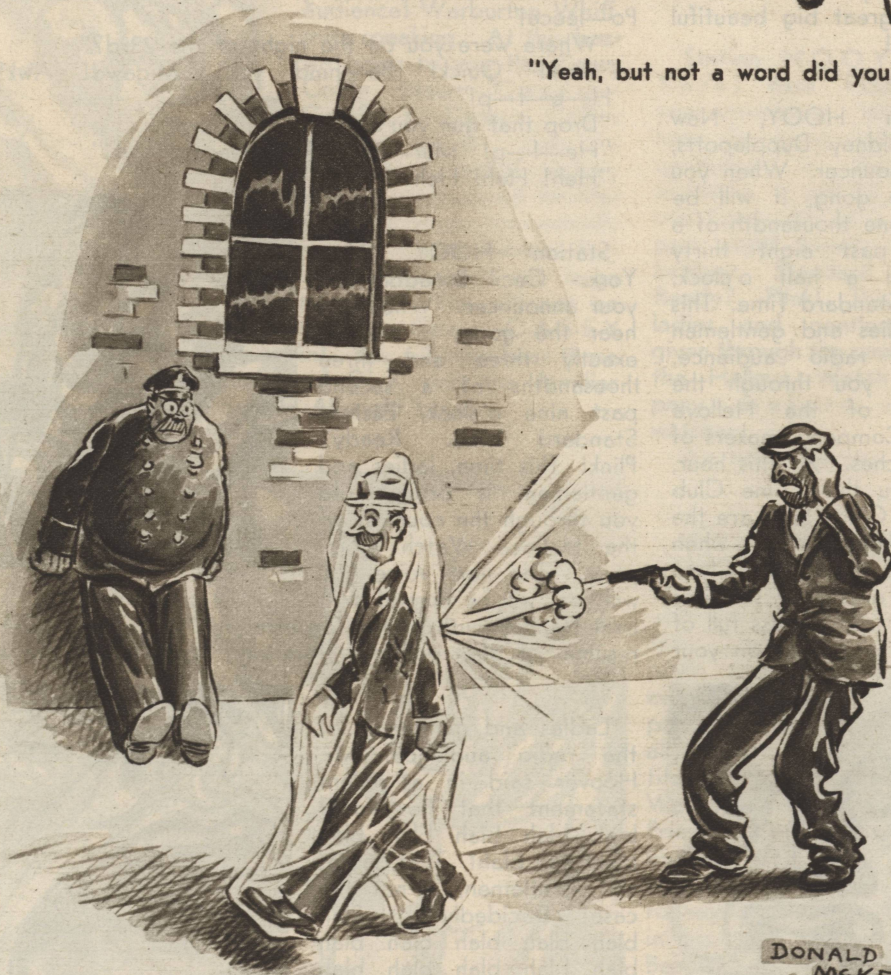
A black and white reproduction of a charcoal or pencil drawing of a face. The drawing is highly expressive, with dark, heavy lines and shading. The eyes are deeply shadowed and appear to be looking downwards or to the side. The nose is prominent and well-defined. The mouth is slightly open, showing the tongue and teeth. The overall mood is somber and intense. The drawing is framed by a dark border.

Ladies and gentlemen of the radio audience! Mr. Hoover said in a recent statement that he would blah blah blah blah blah blah blah! That, ladies and gentlemen, is not the case! Decidedly not! Blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah!





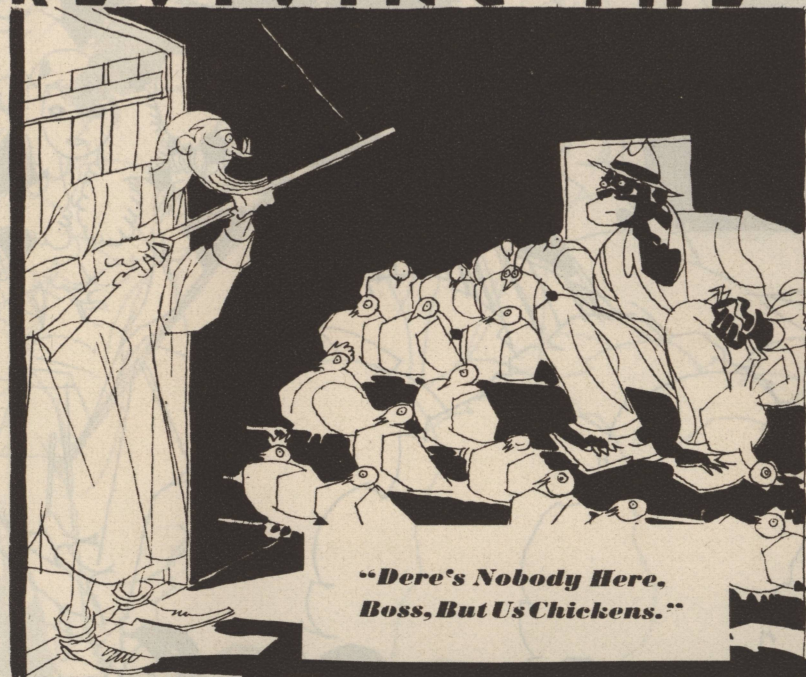
"Yeah, but not a word did you tell me about a husband!"



DONALD
MCKEE

"Bullet-proof cellophane! There ought to be a law!"

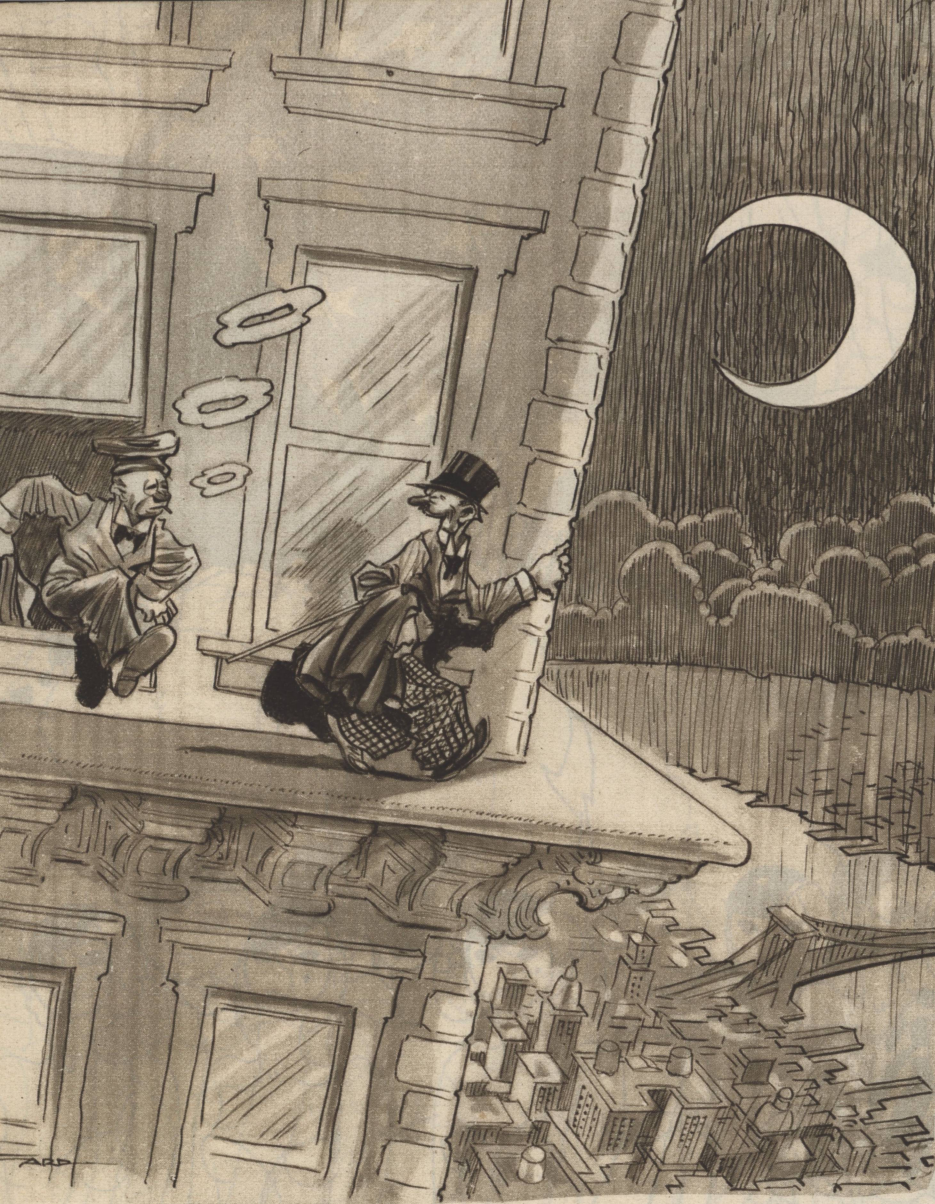
REVIVING THE OLD ONES



AS THE THEATRE GUILD WOULD DO IT



AS FLO ZIEGFELD WOULD DO IT



"Aw, that stuff o' Joe's is too weak. I know a better place 'round the corner."



"Jones has been with us twenty years next week. Remind me to congratulate him."

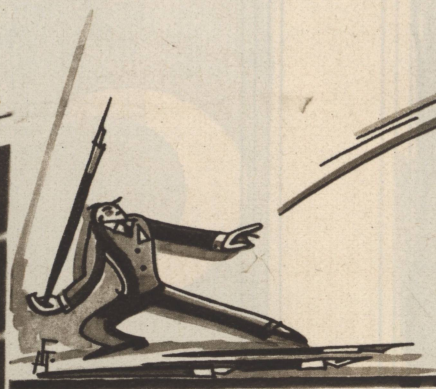


"We decided we'd have to take the job back to the shop."



"Roscoe! Check your teeth first!"

1 star means fair.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
1 razzberry means
one razzberry



Reviewing the Ads

Probak Blades

Here is a picture that stirs the pulses! The blood tingling atmosphere of the prize ring! The mad primitive frenzy, the hoarse hysteria of the excited fight fans! The hushed suspense as the iron fist of Killer Burke lands flush on the jaw of Tiger Zilch! Zilch goes down! He writhes in a desperate attempt to lift himself to his knees, then, falls back. The referee is counting. One! Two! Three! Four! Five!

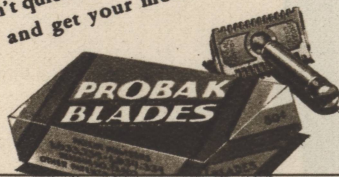
And in the foreground we see two goofy saps sitting there and talking calmly about razor blades! This picture gets the well known razzberry.

The Camel's Humph!

"What a world of difference there is between the mild, cool fragrance of Camels in the Humidor Pack and the unkindly hot smoke of an ordinary cigarette!" Ain't dat sumpin'! Well, we'll bet a hundred smackers against one share of Goldman Sachs, or Aunt Hespie's old corsets, that no member of the firm of R. J. Reynolds Co. can come in this office and, after smoking a half dozen brands of cigarettes while blindfolded, tell us which one was the Camel! The razzberry for this one.

Men called it a "KNOCKOUT"

PROBAK scored from the clang of the bell—won fans by the million—started men talking. Automatic manufacture plus butterfly channeling in duo-tempered steel makes this double-edge blade revolutionary. Buy Probak on our positive guarantee. If every shave isn't quicker, cleaner, cooler—return the package to your dealer and get your money—\$1 for 10, 50c for 5.



Reprinted
from Liberty,
Aug. 22, '31

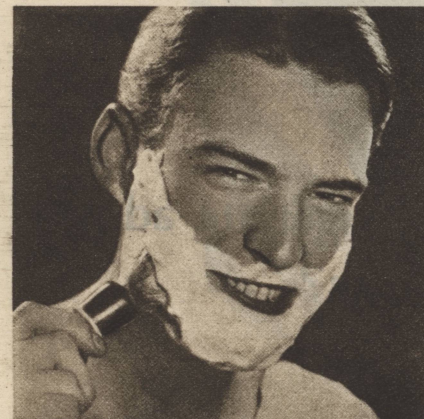
**Of course you can tell the
difference • they're FRESH!**



Palmolive

Just to show that we're not George Jean Nathan in disguise, we herewith hand the palm to Palmolive. "Try before you buy." Nothing could be fairer than that, in this age of hooey.

*** for this one.



We Believe
in the old-time plan of
"Try before you buy"

Please accept a full supply of this famous shaving cream that wins men by sheer merit.

IN the old days manufacturers often asked the public to try first and buy later. Customers then were harder to convince. That will always be a great idea—providing your product is fine enough to follow through. Palmolive has become the largest selling shaving cream entirely on the "try first" basis. Of every 100 men who try it 86 remain our steady customers. Will you please send the coupon?

Invented by 1000 men
The formula of Palmolive Shaving Cream was won by 1,000 men. They told us where other methods failed in their opinion—and what they believed a perfect shaving cream should be. In meeting their demand our chemists made 129 attempts before succeeding. Finally the olive oil principle we know so well resulted

in success. A shaving cream was born possessing 3 unique advantages:

1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2. Softens the beard in one minute.
3. Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.
4. Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for shaving.
5. Soothing after-effects due to olive and palm oil content.

Will you accept some?
Won't you give us a chance to prove our case? Just take one minute and send the coupon properly filled in. What you receive will well repay your kindness in accepting a supply to try. Do not delay.

New! Palmolive Shaving Lotion! Here's a new way to leave the face tingling, fresh and clean. Try it! Also Palmolive After Shaving Talc.

7 FREE SHAVES
and a can of Palmolive After Shaving Talc
Simply insert your name and address and mail to Palmolive, Dept. M-1210, Box 375, Grand Central Post Office, New York City.

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—From 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., Eastern Standard time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., Central Standard time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Mountain Standard time; 5:30 to 6:30 p. m., Pacific Coast Standard time—over WEAJ and 39 stations associated with the National Broadcasting Company.

(Please print your name and address)

Do you like a statistic ... stutter on this one!

**3.19148 times as many
SALES MANAGERS prefer IVORY**

You can't talk business nowadays without tripping over a % or bumping into a round figure. Sales managers, for instance, munch statistics between meals. Ivory has never floated on a sea of per centages, but if you must have your daily statistic, here's a humdinger—
Sales managers (751) of corporations (751) over \$4 million capitalization (\$500,000) voted one (1) question:—"Which bath do you prefer?"

How cold figures can shout! 3 to 1, these sales managers backed Ivory. Bringing the results down to a decimal point, 3.19148 times as many sales managers chose Ivory as chose any other soap.

This wasn't strange. A sales manager sees a falling sales curve when his bath soap sinks. But he feels on top of the world when Ivory rides high and handsome on his bath waves. Blessed the wife who knows that a man's hands chum up to a fist-filling cake of Ivory. Every time, it comes bubbling through with a 100% quota of foam. No slumps or depressions in the tub where Ivory is afloat! Will wives please note—and kindly oblige?

IVORY SOAP
KIND TO EVERYTHING IT TOUCHES • 99 11/100% PURE • IT FLOATS

Reprinted from
Saturday Evening Post, Aug. 22, '31

Ivory Soap

"3.19148 times as many Sales managers prefer Ivory." Now that there's a statistic! Well, stutter on this here now statistic Mr. Proctor and Mr. Gambel! Your advertising is not as pure as your soap! 751. (count 'em) Sales managers of 751 (count 'em) corporations (or do they mean with corporations?) may prefer Ivory soap. We don't question that, Mr. Proctor and Mr. Gambel, but if they prefer it because it floats then they probably sit down to put their socks on! Gosh, anyone knows that nowadays men take showers even if they are Sales managers! 1/2 razzberry for this one.

***** Ads of the past month—Canada Dry, "Tell Mother What's the Matter?" and "Ash-Tray Breath."

Our Own Puzzle Department

What was the slogan that won the Camel Cigarette contest?

Why does the New Yorker run fashion copy opposite a clothing store ad?

Do magazines get paid for hotel ads?

Why is the Saturday Evening Post carrying cigarette ads, after barring them for so many years?

If four out of five people had pyorrhea ten years ago, why, after using Forhan's Toothpaste so long, have they still got it?

How many radio programs would get by if the fans had to pay to listen to them?

What is the name of the tooth paste that Amos 'n' Andy advertise?

What has become of that chicken in every pot, and that car in every garage?



"How far can we go on this bus?"

FLOHERTY
JR



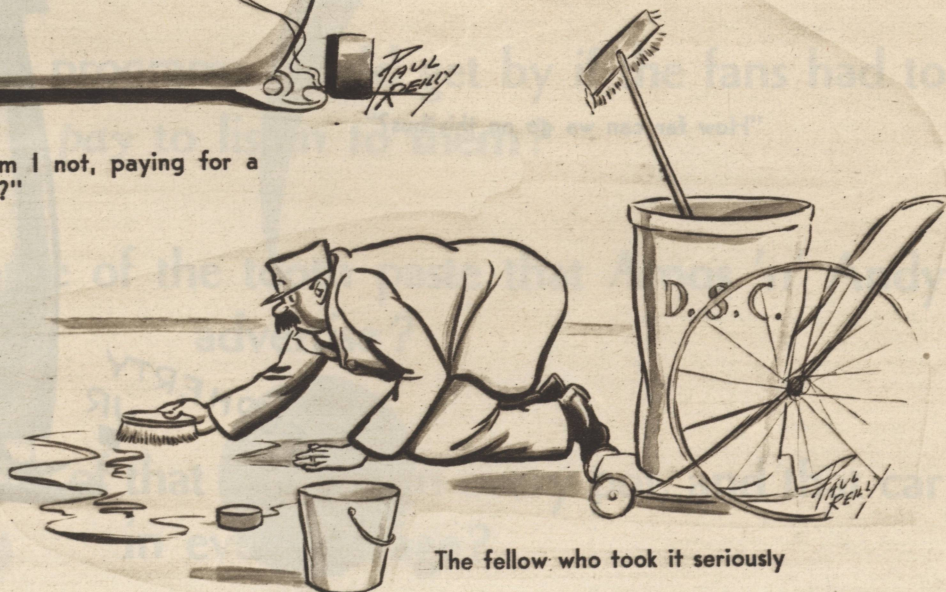
"Have I got a chance?"
"Just one—he may disappear."



"Oh, I see, you're letting it grow!"



"Hello, desk clerk? Am I, or am I not, paying for a private bath?"



The fellow who took it seriously

BEHIND LOCKED DOORS

A Short Short Drayma of Life in Washington

SCENE: Committee Room at National Capitol.

TIME: Almost any day now.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

SENATORS: Flipwittle, (Dem. N. J.); Rayvon, (Rep. Ohio); Limberlip, (Rep. Ala.); Scatterwit, (Rep. Pa.); Committee to Investigate, Committee now Investigating, Committee to Pass on Bill to Abolish Committees.

Senator Flipwittle, the only Democrat was chosen as chairman because he is deaf and dumb. At the last congressional election he was voted, "Man most likely to succeed". He calls meeting to order by firing one pound cannon. Senator Limberlip badly frightened hides under table thinking he is in Nite Club. Senator Scatterwit goes to sleep. Senator Rayvon immediately leaps to his feet.

"Gentlemen," he began, "I strongly deny the rumor that my son was seen intoxicated last Tuesday. It was Wednesday, and he was not intoxicated. You see, my son is very susceptible to music and often sways in time to hurdy-gurdys while walking."

Senator Scatterwit: "Nerts".

Door opens and in walk Bishop Cannon and Methodist Board of Public Morals who have been listening at key-hole. Pick up the screaming Senator and carry him off to dungeon.

Senator Rayvon: "I've got a date at 9 o'clock, so let's hurry things up a bit."

Senator Limberlip: (drowsily), "Is she a blonde?"

Senator Rayvon ignores remark and proceeds with speech. "Now in Paris, gentlemen."

Senator Limberlip, eagerly, "Did you bring back any dirty post cards?" Subsides when Senator Rayvon eyes him balefully.

Senator Rayvon pulls New York Times out of pocket thinking it is his speech, Senator Limberlip raises hand. Chairman Flipwittle gives him reproachful look but nods his permission. Senator Limberlip grabs Times out of Rayvon's hand and leaves room. In his absence, Senator Rayvon tries to play "Mumbley-peg" but finds cannot do so on glass top table, makes mental note of fact and resolves to recommend installation of wooden tables in

Committee rooms. Chairman Flipwittle intently watches passage of cockroach across map of Europe on table.

Fifteen minutes pass and Rayvon shows impatience. Finally voice of Limberlip is heard from bathroom.

Limberlip: "What's an eight letter word for "Home for mental defectives?"

Senator Rayvon (Absently): "Congress". Realizes error and looks at Chairman to see if he heard. Did not, of course, since he is deaf and dumb, as before noted.

Cockroach has crossed Russia in 11 minutes, 22 seconds.

Limberlip returns with Times and glances guiltily at Rayvon who pretends not to notice him.

Rayvon after bowing to chairman, but not to Limberlip, begins:

"The Honorable President of this glorious country has instructed me," here he stops for Limberlip is playing tic-tac-toe.

Rayvon (pettishly): "I believe you're just doing that to annoy me."

Limberlip (cooly): "I refuse to answer on the grounds that it might incriminate me."

Reaches in drawer for more paper. Walter Winchell steps out of drawer and fixes Limberlip with cold gaze.

Winchell: "Is it true Senator, that you are blessed-eventing?"

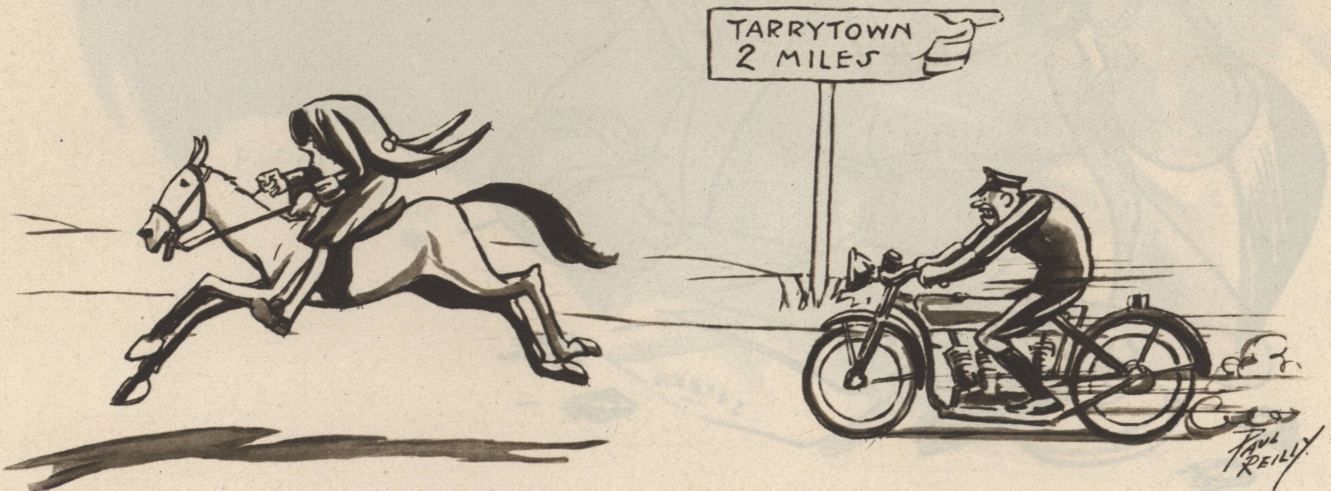
Limberlip starts to deny but finally breaks down under Winchell's glare, blushing produces half-knit baby bonnet to confirm rumor.

Winchell pulls dog sled out of waste basket and departs.

Cockroach has reached Havre and Chairman Flipwittle thinking it is within striking distance of United States recalls that our Navy is, undermanned and strikes cockroach with gavel. Limberlip and Rayvon hearing gavel think meeting is adjourned and skip from room arm in arm, bowling over reporters who were shooting crap in ante-room.

Finis.

Mustafa Brainstorm.



"Headless horseman, eh? Well, you're gonna get a ticket!"



"All right, officer—you're scaring me because I'm a woman!"



Mr. Hill—"I'm not taking any sheep-dip from anybody!"



E VANGELINE ZILCH'S

FORECAST FOR OCTOBER

Editor's Note—It is with great pleasure that Ballyhoo announces that Evangeline Zilch, the famous astrologer, will henceforth give her personal attention to the lucky lucky readers of this magazine! If you are in trouble (and who isn't?) don't hesitate to ask Evangeline for advice. Even though hundreds of thousands of letters come in every day, Evangeline will be only too glad to sit down and answer each one personally. As she herself says, "That's what I am here for!"

There is only one restriction (and that's but a trifle!) Tear off the cover of this magazine, write your name and address plainly on the back, and mail it to us along with the date of your birth, your great grandmother's maiden name, your uncle's first wife's nickname, and your bank balance, sworn to by a notary public. If your uncle's first wife didn't have any nickname then you're out of luck and you really can't blame us!

THERE is no denying the fact that the astrological indications for October are none too good. In fact, they're lousy. I am not a pessimist, but it is the duty of the intelligent optimist to look Truth in the face. There, Truth! How do you like that?

There are "good" things about these indications, of course, and there are "bad" things, but what the hell we can't have everything! There is, too, the indication that things will improve in November so we've got a lot to look forward to. What it is I don't know but we won't go into that.

1—YOUR HEART

Venus, the Goddess of Love and Beauty, is in the sign of the Double-Cross during the first fourteen and a half days of the month so lovers should be wary. During the second

half of the month, Venus has the Gemini, or Heebe Jeebes, so lovers should be wary. Summing up the entire month I should say that lovers should be wary. If you can't be wary be as wary as you can.

2—YOUR MIND

Bunkus, the planet which rules our mentality, (particularly between the fifth and the fifteenth*) will be unfriendly with Zilchus during this period and there may be hell to pay in the heavens, causing the jitters among those born under Elevated Railways. This condition makes it necessary for us to maintain our poise (and girls) in order to avoid conditions which might arouse other conditions and thus bring about embarrassing conditions. *Does not run on Saturdays.

3—YOUR BODY

That the stars have a marked influence on the human body is one of the oldest beliefs. You get hit on the head and you see stars. What could be simpler? During this month Mars and Zoppus are in Yonkers which rules the kidneys so be careful of the gin you drink. Yonkers also rules your Adam's Apple so avoid harsh irritants. Those born between the fourth and fourteenth should avoid open manholes.

4—YOUR JOB

Jupiter is in conjunction with Manhattan Transfer during this month which makes it swell for Writers of Christmas Card Jingles, Menders of Grandfather's Clocks, String Savers, Writers to the New York Times, and Bustle manufacturers. The first part of the month is especially favorable to Venders of Feelthy Post Cards.



THE WATCHWORD OF THIS MAGAZINE IS SERVICE

Just to show that our hearts are in the right place we herewith present this page to you for your own amusement. We could have sold it to some big advertiser for thousands of dollars but SERVICE comes before Money! Make out your laundry or grocery lists on this page; jot down handy telephone numbers, or play Tic-tac-toe; do what you want with it! It's yours gentle reader!

WHAT BROKERS SAY

London, Sept. 25.—The London market was quiet today, with a few scattered transactions in the foreign exchange market. The pound sterling was steady at 100, and the dollar at 100. The gold market was also quiet, with the price of gold at 100. The silver market was also quiet, with the price of silver at 100. The market for foreign securities was also quiet, with prices generally steady. The market for domestic securities was also quiet, with prices generally steady. The market for commodities was also quiet, with prices generally steady.

THE LONDON MARKET

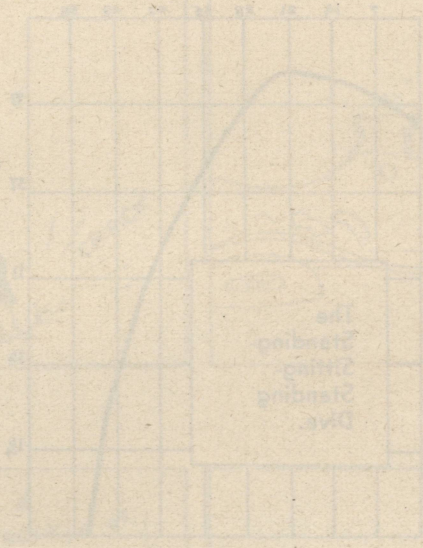
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The Market at a Glance

Money	Steady
Grain	Steady
Stocks	Steady
Commodities	Steady
Bonds	Steady
Gold	Steady
Silver	Steady
Cotton	Steady
Wool	Steady
Grain	Steady
Commodities	Steady

WIDE CHANGE IN STOCKS

London, Sept. 25.—The London market was quiet today, with a few scattered transactions in the foreign exchange market. The pound sterling was steady at 100, and the dollar at 100. The gold market was also quiet, with the price of gold at 100. The silver market was also quiet, with the price of silver at 100. The market for foreign securities was also quiet, with prices generally steady. The market for domestic securities was also quiet, with prices generally steady. The market for commodities was also quiet, with prices generally steady.



ZIGCH & ZIGCH

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NEWS OF THE DAY IN WALL STREET

London, Sept. 25.—The London market was quiet today, with a few scattered transactions in the foreign exchange market. The pound sterling was steady at 100, and the dollar at 100. The gold market was also quiet, with the price of gold at 100. The silver market was also quiet, with the price of silver at 100. The market for foreign securities was also quiet, with prices generally steady. The market for domestic securities was also quiet, with prices generally steady. The market for commodities was also quiet, with prices generally steady.

Downie & Co.

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INVESTMENT ADVICE

London, Sept. 25.—The London market was quiet today, with a few scattered transactions in the foreign exchange market. The pound sterling was steady at 100, and the dollar at 100. The gold market was also quiet, with the price of gold at 100. The silver market was also quiet, with the price of silver at 100. The market for foreign securities was also quiet, with prices generally steady. The market for domestic securities was also quiet, with prices generally steady. The market for commodities was also quiet, with prices generally steady.

FINANCIAL PAGE

NEWS OF THE DAY IN WALL STREET

Trading was very desultory (slow to you) today in spite of the new developments in Eastman Kodak. Maxwell House Coffee opened weak but this is not grounds for worry, except to the poor birds who had to drink it. Consolidated Gas made a steady rise owing to an extra session of Congress, while Simmons Beds were very active.

American Can got the most trade as usual with Ingersol Watch a close second. There was a distinct rally around the rails (the brass ones) with Am Com Alcohol doing a brisk business. F & J (Frank and Jacks) opened strong but closed quickly on account of revenue agents.

Checker Cab did a heavy business on account of the rain as did United Rubber. Houdaille absorbed some punishment, Goodyear skidded off, and Otis Elevator dropped right out of the bottom of the page.

We are please to
announce the ass-
ociation with us of

3 SHERIFFS

2 PINKERTON MEN

67 BILL COLLECTORS

Downe & Out

Members of the Unemployed

52 Wall St. New York

Telephone-Dis-connected

INVESTMENT ADVICE

We have fired our
Statistical Department
but our office boy will
be glad to give you ad-
vice and it's just as good.

QUIT, TRYON & CO.

50 Wall St. New York

The Market at a Glance

Money

Scarce

Stocks

Lower

Bonds

Still lower

Cotton

Mammy!

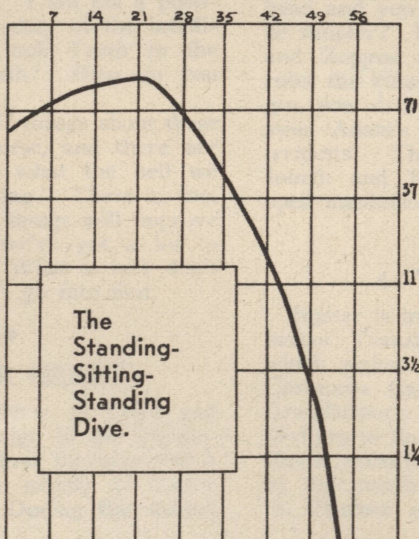
Grain

In the bag!

WIDE CHANGE IN STOCKS

Goofy's Illustrates Drop in Rails

Illustrating the striking change in rails in the fiscal year ending St. Swin's Day, Goofy's Investor's Service has prepared a chart reproduced below, based on price movements in Forty leading stocks.



ZILCH & ZILCH

Established 1883

And we're no better
off today than we
were then.

25 Broad St.

New York

WHAT BROKERS SAY

Downe & Out—We feel that there will be a quickening—(Note—Couldn't catch last words as Mr. Downe was out the window).

Gettem, Catchem & Holdem—Can't ya' see the "closed" sign on the door?

Hoppe, Skipp & Jump—Aw nuts!

Up & Attem—We're looking forward to tomorrow. Evangeline Adams says it's going to be a swell day.

Spider & Fly—!!†/45\$!!***†!!!

THE LONDON MARKET

London, Sept 25.—Financial conditions in London are very foggy with a bally wind coming in from the channel, old fellow. H's have dropped to nothing, monacles are holding on by an eyelash, and even the bloody tea is weak.

How've'r England expects every man to do his duty. The Bank of England still stands, so does Ramsay MacDonald and Britannia rules the wave!

Announcement

Sadder, Budwiser & Co.

100 Broadway, New York

have retired from
business and we
don't give a damn
who knows it.

I. M. Sadder

I. B. Sadder

O. Sadder

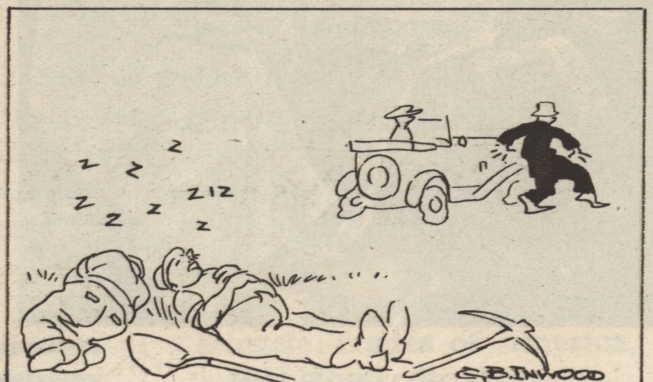
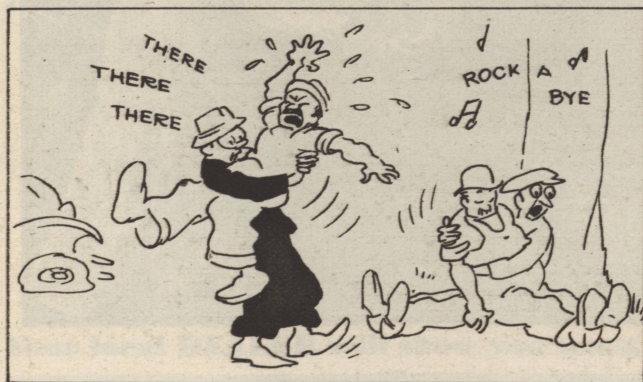
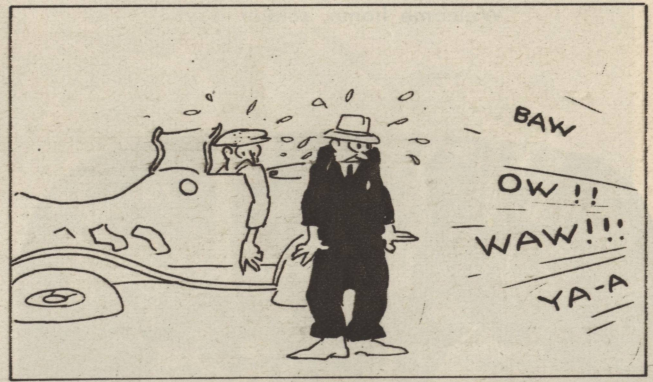
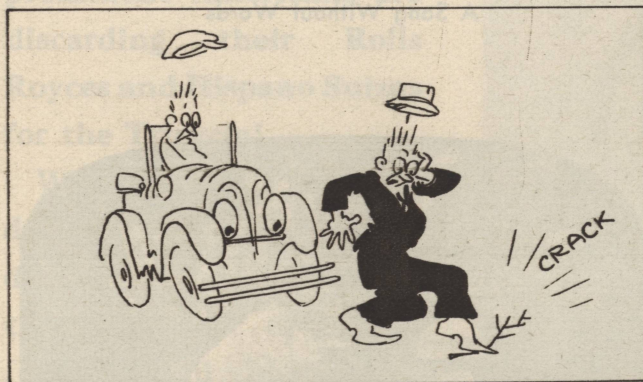
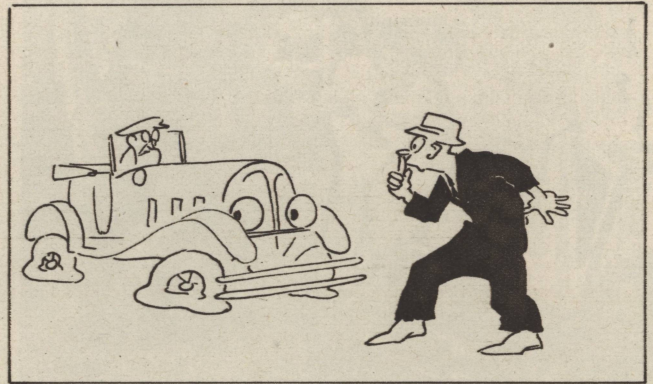
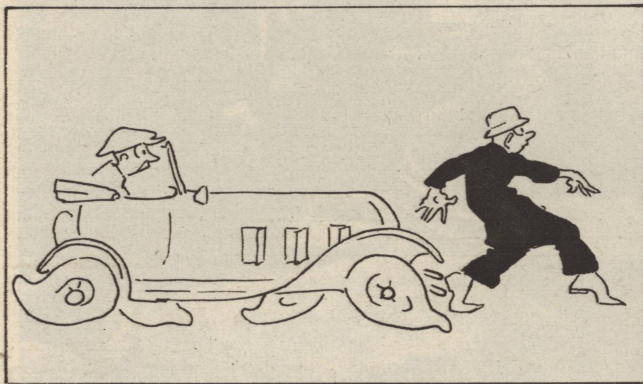
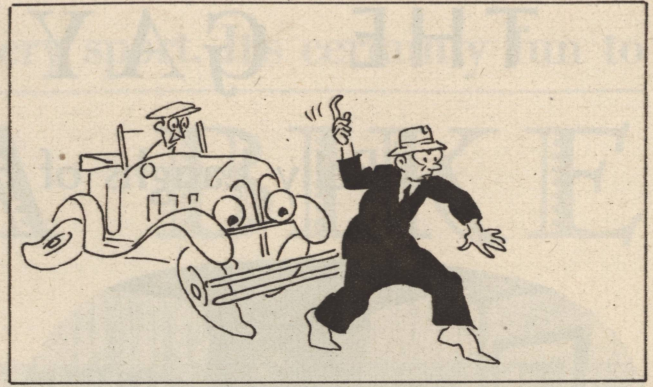
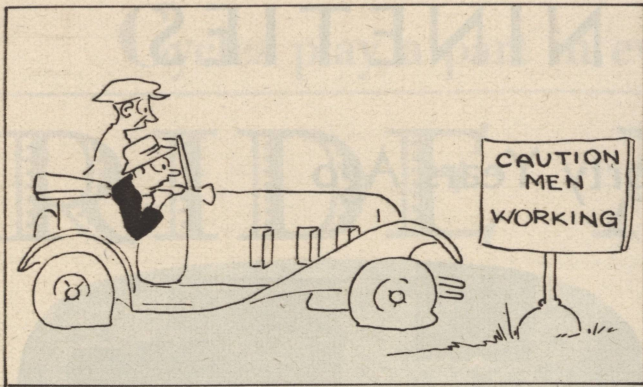
O. Budwiser

G. Budwiser

And all the
Little Budwisers

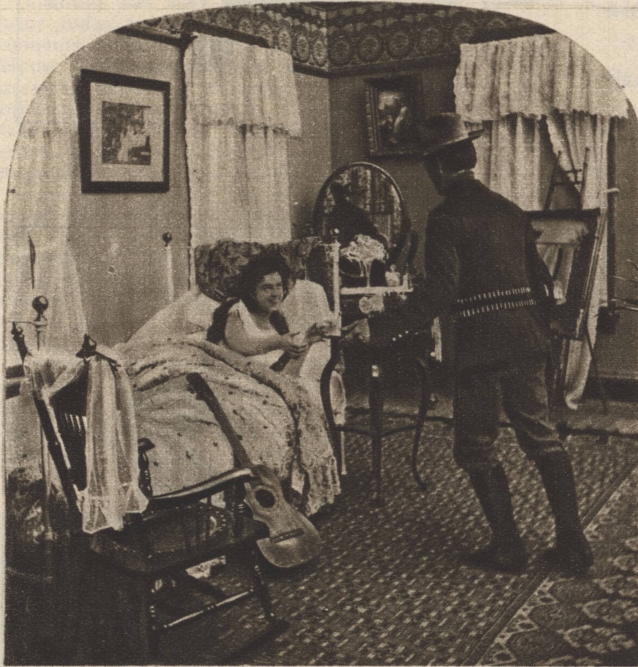
Please Omit Flowers

Sept. 25, 1931



THE GAY NINETIES

Belly Laughs of Forty Years Ago



"Welcome home, soldier boy!"



A Song Without Words



The Midnight Feast



Contentment

Cycles play a part in every sport. It's certainly fun to

RIDE A BIKE

America is becoming Tricycle Conscious! Every day, more and more prominent Americans are discarding their Rolls Royces and Hispano Suizas for the Tricycle!

With a Tricycle, you can dodge in and out of traffic, dodge your creditors and the high cost of living!

Get behind the handlebars of a Tricycle and enjoy Free Wheeling!



Percival P. Downe, well known man-about-town, and former member of Downe & Out, Stock Brokers, awheel in Central Park. Mr. Downe says—"I don't know what I'd do without my tricycle—guess I'd have to walk!"

Your local DEALER will show you latest models

**Tricycle Trades of America,
Wheeling, W. Virginia.**

This Ad
written by
Calvin
Coolidge

A Face Cream

A GOOD complexion is a desirable thing to have. All of us had good complexions at birth. But not all of us have good complexions now.

Some of us live in the country; others live in the city. Those who live in the country should take greater care of their complexions than those who live in the city. But those who live in the city should also take care of their complexions.

Sun and wind are not good for the complexion. There is sun and wind in the country. And there is sun and wind in the city. Therefore we should avoid sun and wind for the sake of our complexions.

FACEBALM

Good for the Complexion



This Ad
by Texas
Guinan

HELLO SUCKER!

COME on now! Give this little Investment House a GREAT BIG HANDful of money! Your bankroll doubles overnight and how!

Step right up, Suckers! We'll give you a RING-SIDE table on the GROUND FLOOR!

JIPPEM, JIPPEM & HOWE

Investment Securities

180 Wall St.,
(Now 22.)

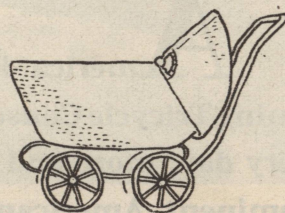
Your Baby— and Mine

This Ad
written
by
Walter
Winchell

*My baby has a baby carriage,
And she got it without marriage,
It's a sweet V-16,
And it runs on gasoline.*

—Daddy.

IT will be denied, but the BOUNZING BABY BUGGY is a honey. . . . it's just the thing for that blessed event you're expecting . . . you and you and you and you!



The
**BOUNZING
BABY BUGGY**

This Ad
by
Al
Capone

**YOU BUY
NERO BEER**

or

ELSE!

Our agent will call.

**NERO
BEER**



This one
by
Mark
Hellinger

All in a Day

A LITTLE girl stood on the corner of 42nd Street and Broadway selling flowers. Her clothes were ragged, there were no soles to her shoes, and her face was pale and wan. It was snowing hard. Her mother was slowly dying of starvation, her father had just been run over by a Rolls Royce, her baby sister had the hoof and mouth disease, and her baby brother had just fallen off the tower of the Empire State building. The janitor had dispossessed them, they had had no food in six weeks, and a policeman had just told her to move on.

As a passing horse kicked her, a gentleman in evening clothes stepped up and leered at her frail body.

"I'll buy your goddam violets!" he said, then with a fiendish laugh, he knocked them all into the muddy Great White Way.

**SEALPACK
HANDKERCHIEFS**

This one
by
Smedley
Butler

"By God, they're good!"

HAYSTAK cigarettes are not only damn good cigarettes; they're a hell of a lot better than any other cigarette, and by God, anyone that says they're not is a blankety blank fool!

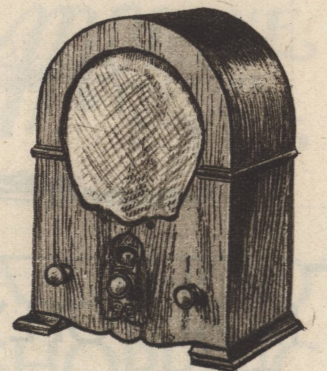
HAYSTAK
A Damn Good Smoke



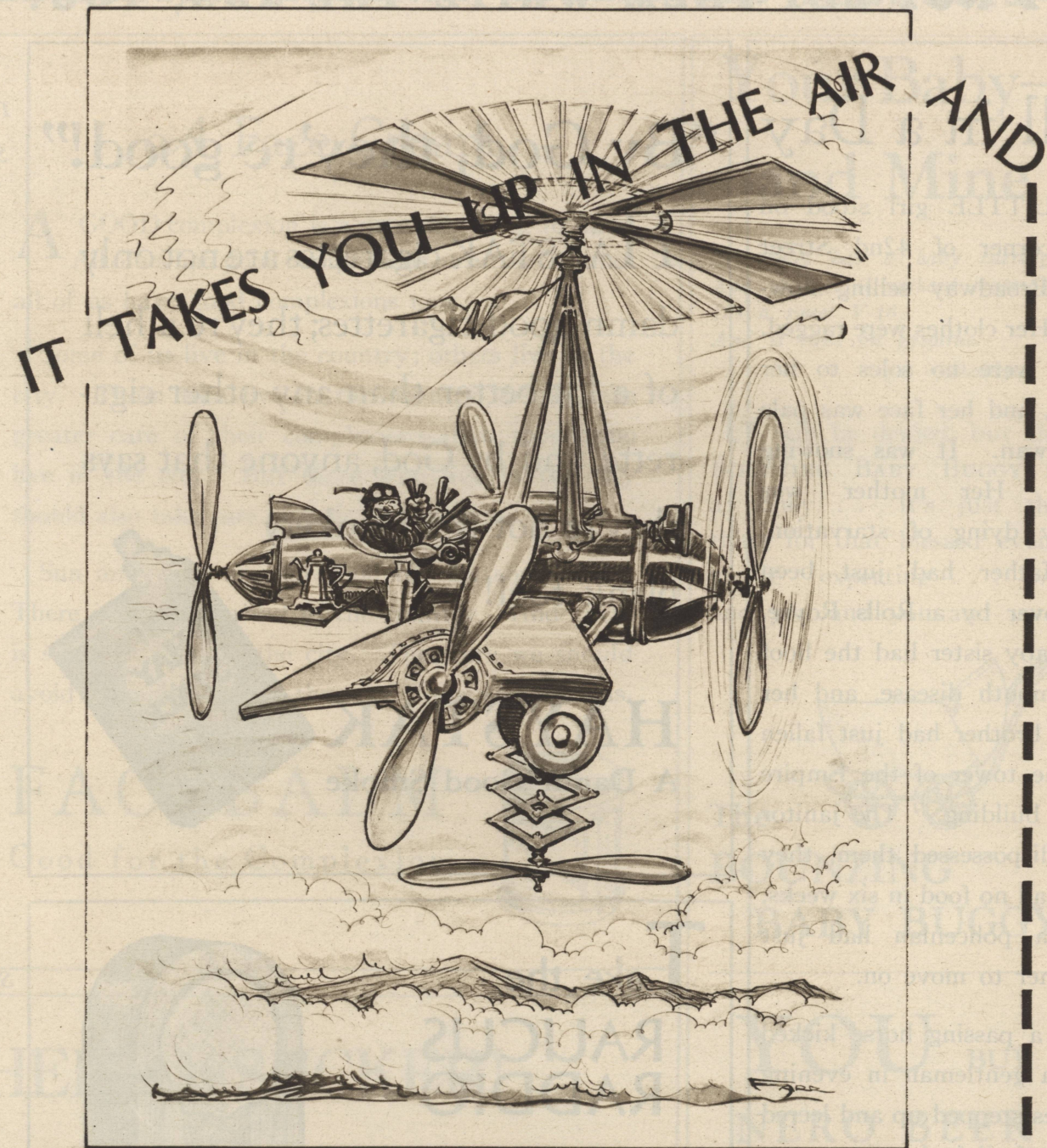
Al
Smith's

Take the
**RAUCUS
RADDIO**

Let's take a look at the record! There are 2,168 RAUCUS RADDIOS on Pok Avenya and there are 3,956 RAUCUS RADDIOS on Thoid Avenya! That shows conclusively that RAUCUS RADDIOS are the most popular raddios on the market!



RAUCUS RADDIOS
The People's Cherce



The AUTOFLYRO is absolutely foolproof... it will land on a dime... turn handsprings... roll over and play dead... with its twelve propellers, it will take you there and bring you back... that is, if you can figure out which propellor to use.

THE AUTOFLYRO POW!

OUR OWN TALKIES.

THE MAHARAJAH'S REVENGE

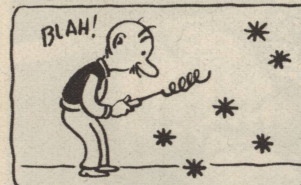
OR
THE FRIENDLY ANACHRONISM.

chapter 1-2-3-4-5 and 6.

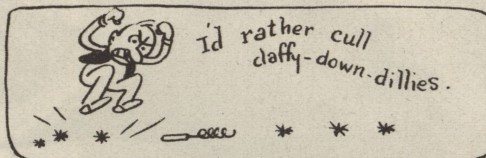
Romeo Rumer was a reamer in an asterisk factory.

He didn't like his job.

He didn't like anything!

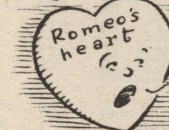


Pretty Picture of Romeo reaming asterisks.



id rather cull daffy-down-dillies.

Romeo, Our Romeo, at heart was a poet. (oh yes he was!)



Little boidie in the tree
He has a lot o' fun;
I bet he's happier'n I be,
Th' little son-of-a-gun.

One day when the boss wasn't looking Romeo sewed six of the most valuable asterisks to the lining of his pink vest.

That night he left the factory never to return
Poor fellow.



VALUABLE ASTERISKS
WORTH SOMETHING
MAYBE.

He made his way to the river's edge just in time to see a lady robot from Wall St. go down for the second time. "How these Wall St. things do fluctuate," he remarked as she yelled, "SAFE ME! OH, SAFE ME!"



"Ain't that the limit?" said our very intellectual hero, "I quit the asterisk factory and meet a lady robot, and right away I'm ASTERISK my life for her."

But he couldn't save her.
He didn't have any safe.

So he threw her a life preserver. It hit her on the head.

She sank.
So did the life preserver.



Romeo traded his treasured asterisks to an antique dealer for an old whip-socket and a banana.



Life is so fruital! he said
as he ate the banana.

The Finis.

BE SURE AND READ
Prof. Collier's
GREAT STORY
"The Purple Passion"
or
"Who shot Peter Arrica"
in
next month's
BALLYHOO.

WHOSE EYES? LOOK AGAIN!



These tragic eyes belong to a well known Screen Star who got into the wrong bungalow. Name below*.

soothing to
sore eyes

If you suffer from sore eyes, itching eyes, watering eyes, Simoniz, drop a few quarts of Morine in your eyes. You'll never look the same again.

MORINE
FOR YOUR
EYES

BALLYHOO'S
SHOPPING
SERVICE

If you dislike shopping (and who doesn't!) take advantage of Ballyhoo's Free Shopping Service. For example, if you want to send Aunt Minnie a subscription to Ballyhoo just send the \$1.80, and Aunt Min's address, to us and we'll take care of it!



Mon. Tues. Fri. Oct. Noy. Dec. 1931 1932

Does your energy line rise slowly?

Here is a wake-up bath that sends energy up, up, up - instantly

MANY people wake up slowly, many people never wake up at all.

This is because they do not take enough baths. Baths bring energy, enthusiasm, alertness.

The real go-getter takes about twenty baths a day—that's why he gets so many

orders! We don't know how he has any time to get orders, if he takes so many baths—but we won't go into that.

The wake-up bath described in our free booklet, wakes you up instantly.

Here is the wake-up bath that our Book of Cleanliness recommends. Fill the tub full

of gin, then dive in. Splash around in it. It makes the nerves tingle and the skin glow, you'll be surprised how peppy you'll feel after such a bath!

Send for our Book of Cleanliness, which describes 50 different baths.

Remember it is free.

THE CLEANLINESS INSTITUTE

Established to promote public welfare and the sale of bath tubs, soaps, etc.



HERE'S SOMETHING NEW IN A COUPON!

Ballyhoo,
100 5th Ave., New York City

Dear Ballyhoo—

I've never clipped or signed a coupon because they never give you enough room to write your name! However, I like your coupon, and am enclosing \$1.80 for 1 yr. of Ballyhoo.

Name _____

Address _____

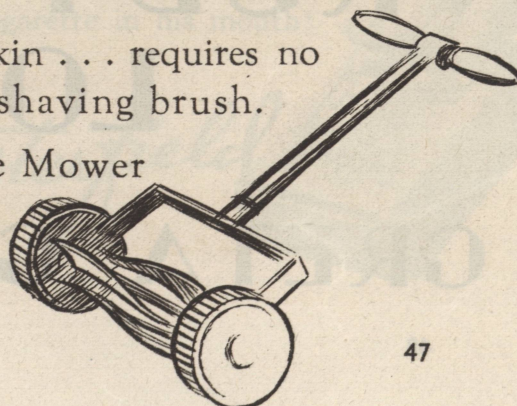
“She loves a New Mown Face!”

The up-to-date man no longer shaves . . . he
mows his face with the new

ROLLS-NICE FACE MOWER

Does not scrape the skin . . . requires no
shaving soap . . . no shaving brush.

5 blades in each Face Mower
. . . shave as often
as you like . . . the
mow the merrier!



IN THE NEXT COLOSSAL ISSUE
OF BALLYHOO

We might have

GEORGE
BERNARD SHAW!

ELINOR GLYN

AN EXCLUSIVE ARTICLE BY
PRESIDENT HOOVER

A NEW STORY BY
MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

RUPERT HUGHES

RUDY VALLEE'S
LOVE LIFE

GRETA GARBO'S DIARY

But after thinking it over, we're going to let Elmer Ziehl do all the work.



"I'm always in on Advertising Conferences



yet you'll find me in Halls of Learning"

Advertising giants at work. Ten great minds with but a single thought—"I'll pretend I'm thinking and maybe one of these other birds will think of an idea!" It is here that a Hesterfield comes to the rescue. A man can't fall asleep with a lighted cigarette in his mouth!

Hesterfield



